

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

FEB. 20, 1840.

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ANY project tending to advance the art deserves favourable mention, and none more so than the “Academy of Vocal Harmony,” lately formed by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. J. Bennett. The prospectus issued by these professors states, that “Its object is, to conduct the pupils through such a course of study and practice, as will teach them to read music with readiness and accuracy, so as to enable them to sing at first sight, and take their part in every description of vocal music, from the oratorio chorus, the opera concerted piece, the madrigal, and the glee, to the duet or ballad;” and goes on to say that, “In this country, as in Italy, vocal tuition has been hitherto confined to the formation of the voice, and the acquirement of a good style in *solo singing*. But in Germany and France this is considered as only *one branch* of vocal instruction, an equal degree of attention being bestowed on *harmony*, or the art of singing in parts; and the consequence is, that skill and readiness in part singing are general among the Germans and French to a degree unknown in England. In the German “Singing Schools,” the proficiency exhibited by the pupils fills an English visitor with astonishment, when he hears above four hundred ladies and gentlemen, with no other accompaniment than a few chords occasionally struck on a pianoforte, execute the most difficult choral compositions of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Spohr, Haydn, and Mozart, with a precision and effect that cannot be surpassed. And the extensive “Vocal Academy” of Wilhelm, at Paris, is producing results not less remarkable.”

The want of such an institution has been too long a *desideratum* in this country, and the establishment of the present academy will, we are assured, be productive of the greatest benefits to the art.

We have no hesitation in saying, that a hundred voices, cultivated after the  
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continental manner, would be more effective in a chorus, than five times that number without this necessary tuition. Who, that has heard a band of German chorus singers, can deny the truth of our assertion?

We do not believe that one-third of the Chorus at Exeter Hall can read the easiest intervals in music, but that the majority depend upon each other for assistance. Now, were this chorus properly educated, what might we not expect?

We should be doing an injustice to Mr. Hickson were we not to mention, that he has been labouring in a similar field (the teaching of children in classes) for some time past, and that his indefatigable exertions have been productive of the most astonishing results. At the meetings of the Farringdon-street Choral Society, formed by this gentleman, glees and madrigals are sung with great precision by nearly a hundred children.

We heartily wish Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Bennett success in their undertaking.

#### A DAY REHEARSAL AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Of all regions of enchantment none are endowed with such a superabundance of charms to the million, as the "behind the scenes of the theatre." The very circumstance of its being given out to be forbidden ground, renders it doubly attractive, and awakens a spirit of enterprise, which is succeeded by a variety of efforts to pierce the mystery.

These reflections have been called forth by watching the groups gathered round the stage-door of Her Majesty's Theatre on the last grand rehearsal. The curiosity excited by every be-whiskered Italian was immense; even the fiddlers and *figurantes* were prodigiously stared at. When there was nobody passing, and not a thing to be seen, animate or inanimate, some of the wonder-loving innocents would stand wrapt in mute admiration, stretching their necks into the passage or gazing on the hall-lamp, and inhaling the fragrance arising from lamp-oil and orange-peel, with which the atmosphere of a theatre is invariably and remarkably redolent.

We, who are professionals, and have attended every rehearsal of this description since M. Laporte has been in possession of the theatre, find them all pretty much alike, consequently a description of *one* may be considered as a faithful resemblance of *all*. It certainly is an imposing exhibition; and to the youthful aspirant after such enjoyment, the first sight must have produced a similar effect on his enraptured mind, to that experienced by the delighted Columbus on his discovery of the New World.

But, to our description:—the stage is lit up, the orchestral arrangements are perfected; three very heavy thumps are given with a hammer on a log of wood. By the way, we, albeit very knowing, never could find out precisely how this operation was performed. Signor Costa waves his *baton* and away they go; the overture is performed amidst the shoutings of choristers, the hammerings of carpenters, the vociferations of scene-shifters, and the ravings and stampings of all the directors of the different departments of the dramatic business. These discordant sounds are occasionally interspersed with something between a squall and a yell, occasioned by some accident, or a scream from some supernumerary lady of the ballet, on whose shoulders a piece of machinery has fallen from the fly above her. This concatenation of "sweet sounds" produces altogether a mass of unbearable and inconceivable noise to which the tumult of Babel must have been melody personified.

At length the overture is got through, and the rehearsal of the opera commences in, what is considered in this establishment, right earnest: that is, the choristers do their duty the same as at night, while the distinguished vocalists

all sing as much or as little as they please, and as loud, or as gently indistinct as may be perfectly agreeable to themselves, one feeling pervading the whole of them, namely, a feverish anxiety to get over the affair as speedily as possible, to resume their *badinage* with the scions of nobility and fashion that crowd the stage at every wing, who literally feel flattered by being allowed the privilege of complimenting *prima donnas*, and of discussing the flirtations of some distinguished *danseuse*, with some of the hangers-on, who are rewarded for the endurance of his lordship's unintelligible nothingnesses by a champagne supper.

From this pitiful display it is quite cheering to turn one's gaze upon the brilliant occupants of the boxes. Here, arrayed in beauty and the tasteful habiliments of costly fashion, may be seen the *elite* of the female aristocracy of England. This splendid portion of the auditory have really come to hear the opera, and sit in exemplary silence, when there is anything going on worth listening to. Now and then, when friends or relatives are recognised, it must be admitted good-breeding is slightly entrenched upon by a few audible whispers, and criticisms are reciprocated, and inquiries are exchanged in a key a trifle too loud for confidential communications.

The rehearsal being concluded, the votaries of pleasure prepare for immediate departure. Then comes the rustling of silks, the slamming of box-doors, and, above all, the clatter of tongues that have been compelled by courtesy to remain silent so long, and who deem it an absolute duty to themselves to make ample amends for their forbearance. This universal gossip generally takes place while some intricate passage in the overture which did not go quite smooth at first is being tried over again, thus rendering the termination of an opera rehearsal as riotously discordant and turbulent as the commencement.

R. R.

## OBSERVATIONS ON SONG.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

Music would not have recommended itself so effectually to the esteem of mankind, if it had always been merely instrumental. For, if I mistake not, the expression of music without poetry is vague and ambiguous; and hence it is, that the same air may sometimes be repeated to every stanza of a long ode or ballad. The change of the poet's ideas, provided the subject continue nearly the same, does not always require a change of the music; and if critics have ever determined otherwise, they were led into the mistake by supposing, what every musician knows to be absurd, that, in fitting verses to a tune, or a tune to verses, it is more necessary that *particular words* should have particular notes adapted to them, than that the *general tenor* of the music should accord with the general nature of the sentiment.

It cannot be denied, that instrumental music may both quicken our sensibility and give a direction to it; that is, may both prepare the mind for being affected and determine it to one set of affections rather than another: to melancholy, for instance, rather than merriment, composure rather than agitation, devotion rather than levity, and contrariwise. Certain tunes there are, which, having been always connected with certain actions, do, merely from the power of habit, dispose men to those actions. Such are the tunes commonly used to regulate the motions of dancing.

Yet it is in general true, that poetry is the most immediate and most accurate interpreter of music. Without this auxiliary, a piece of the best music, heard for the first time, might be said to mean something, but we should not be able to say what. It might incline the heart to sensibility; but poetry, or language, would be necessary to improve that sensibility into a real emotion, by fixing the fancy upon some definite and affecting ideas. A fine instrumental symphony, well performed, is like an oration delivered with propriety, but in an unknown tongue; it may affect us a little, but conveys no determinate feeling; we are agitated, perhaps, or melted, or soothed, but it is very imperfectly, because we know not why. The singer, by taking up the same air, and applying words to it, im-

mediately translates the oration into our own language; then all uncertainty vanishes, the fancy is filled with determinate ideas, and determinate emotions take possession of the heart.

A great part of our fashionable music seems intended rather to tickle and astonish the hearers, than to inspire them with any permanent emotion. And if that be the end of the art, then, to be sure, this fashionable music is just what it should be, and the simpler and more expressive strains of former times are good for nothing. Nor am I at leisure now to inquire, whether it be better for an audience to be thus tickled and astonished, than to have their fancy impressed with beautiful images, and their hearts melted with tender passions, or elevated with sublime ones. But if you grant me this one point, that music is more or less perfect in proportion as it has more or less power over the heart, it will follow that all music merely instrumental, and which does not derive significance from any of the associations, habits, or outward circumstances above mentioned, is to a certain degree imperfect; and that, while the rules hinted at in the following queries are overlooked by composers and performers, vocal music, though it may astonish mankind, or afford them a slight gratification, will never be attended with those important effects that we know it produced of old, in the days of simplicity and true taste.

I would beg leave to put the following queries:—1st. Is not good music set to bad poetry as inexpressive, and therefore as absurd, as good poetry set to bad music, or as harmonious language without meaning? Yet the generality of musicians appear to be indifferent in regard to this matter. If the sound of the words be good, or the meaning of particular words agreeable; If there be a competency of hills and rills, doves and loves, fountains and mountains, with a tolerable collection of garlands and lambkins, nymphs and cupids, *bergères* and *tortorellas*, they are little solicitous about sense or elegance. In this respect, they seem to me to consult their own honour as little as the rational entertainment of others. For what is there to elevate the mind of that composer, who condemns himself to set music to insipid doggrel? Handel's genius never soared to heaven, till it caught strength and fire from the strains of inspiration. 2dly. Should not the words of every song be intelligible to those to whom they are addressed, and be distinctly articulated, so as to be heard as plainly as the notes? Or can the human mind be rationally gratified with that which it does not perceive, or which, if it did perceive, it would not understand? And, therefore, is not the music of a song faulty, when it is so complex as to make the distinct articulation of the words impracticable? 3rdly. If the singer's voice and words ought to be heard in every part of the song, can there be any propriety in noisy accompaniments? And as every performer in a numerous band is not perfectly discreet, and as some performers may be more solicitous to distinguish themselves than to do justice to the song, will not an instrumental accompaniment be almost necessarily too noisy, if it is complex? 4thly. Does not the too frequent repetition of the same words in a song confound its meaning, and distract the attention both of the singer and the hearer? And are not long-winded divisions, or successions of notes warbled to one syllable, attended with a like inconvenience, and with this additional bad effect, that they disqualify the voice for expression by exhausting its power? Is not simplicity as great a perfection in music as in painting and poetry? Or should we admire that orator, who chose to express by five hundred words a sentiment that might be more emphatically conveyed by five? 5thly. Ought not the singer to bear in mind, that he has sentiments to utter as well as sounds? And if so, should he not perfectly understand what he says as well as what he sings; and not only modulate his notes with the art of a musician, but also pronounce his words with the propriety of a public speaker? If he is taught to do this, does he not learn, as a matter of course, to avoid all grimace and finical gesticulation? And will he not then acquit himself in singing like a rational creature and a man of sense? Whereas, by pursuing a contrary conduct, does he not expose himself to be considered rather as a puppet, or a wind-instrument, than as an elegant artist? 6thly. Is not church-music more important than any other; and ought it not for that reason to be most intelligible and expressive? But will this be

the case, if the notes are drawn out to such an immoderate length, that the words of the singer cannot be understood? Besides, does not excessive slowness, either in singing or speaking, tend rather to wear out the spirits, than to elevate the fancy or warm the heart? It would seem, then, that the vocal part of church-music should never be so slow as to fatigue those who sing, or to render the words of the song in any degree unintelligible to those who hear. 7thly. Do flourished cadences, whether by voice or an instrument, generally speaking, serve any other purpose than to take off our attention from the subject, and to set us a-staring at the flexibility of the performer's voice, the swiftness of his fingers, or the sound of his fiddle? And if this be their only use, do they not counteract, instead of promote, the chief end of music? What should we think, if a tragedian, at the conclusion of every scene or of every speech in *Othello*, were to strain his throat into a preternatural scream, make a hideous wry face, or cut a caper four feet high? We might wonder at the strength of his voice, the pliancy of his features, or the springiness of his limbs; but should hardly admire him as intelligent in his art, or respectful to his audience.

But is it not agreeable to hear a *florid* song by a fine performer, though now and then the voice should be drowned amidst the accompaniments, and though the words should not be understood by the hearers, or even by the singer? I answer, that nothing can be very agreeable which brings disappointment. In the case supposed, the tones of the voice might no doubt give pleasure; but from mere instrumental music we expect something more than mere sweetness of sound, and from vocal music a great deal more. From poetry and music united we have a right to expect pathos, sentiment, and melody; in a word, every gratification that the tuneful art can bestow. But in mere sweetness of tone, the best singer is not superior, nay scarcely equal, to an *Æolian* harp, to Fischer's hautboy, or Giardini's violin. And can we, without dissatisfaction, see a human creature dwindle into mere wood and catgut? Can we be gratified with what only tickles the ear, when we had reason to hope that a more powerful address would have been made to the heart?

But in speaking in this manner, by way of illustration, let me not be misunderstood. I firmly acknowledge the truth, that of all sounds, the one which makes its way most directly to the human heart is the human voice; and those instruments that approach the nearest to it are in expression the most pathetic, and in tone the most perfect. The notes of a man's voice, well tuned and well managed, have a mellowness, a variety, and an energy, beyond those of any instrument; and a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is beyond comparison the sweetest and most melting sound, either in or out of nature. Is it not strange, then, that the most musical people upon earth, dissatisfied, as it would seem, with both these, should have incurred a dreadful reproach, in order to produce a third species of vocal sound, that has not the perfection of either? For may it not be affirmed with truth, that no person of uncorrupted taste ever heard, for the first time, the music I allude to, without some degree of horror; proceeding not only from the disagreeable ideas suggested by what was made before his eyes, but also from the thrilling sharpness of tone that had startled his ear? Let it not be said, that by this abominable expedient chorusses are rendered more complete, and melodies executed, which before were impracticable. Nothing that shocks humanity ought to have a place in human art; nor can a good ear be gratified with unnatural sound, or a good taste with too intricate composition. Surely every lover of music and of his kind would wish to see a practice abolished, which is in itself a disgrace to both; and, in its consequences, so far from being desirable, that it cannot truly be said to do any thing more than debase a noble art into trick and grimace, and make the human breath a vehicle, not for human sentiments, but for mere screaming and squalling.

To conclude: a song to which we listen without understanding the words, is like a picture seen at too great a distance. The former may be allowed to charm the ear with sweet sounds, in the same degree in which the latter pleases the eye with beautiful colours. But, till the design of the whole and the meaning of each part be made obvious to sense, it is impossible to derive any rational entertainment from either.

I hope I have given no offence to the connoisseur by these observations. They are dictated by a hearty zeal for the honour of an art, of which I have heard and seen enough to be satisfied, that it is capable of being improved into an instrument of virtue, as well as of pleasure. If I did not think so I should hardly have taken the trouble to write these remarks, slight as they are, upon the philosophy of it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—I know not whether it is owing to the important place occupied by your journal in the musical world, or any peculiar force in Mr. Ashley's tract, which I quoted so largely from, in my letter to you concerning "God save the King;" but certain it is, that Mr. Richard Clark has shown great condescension in answering what he terms "a very rude statement." The letters got together by this worthy, industrious, but unfortunately blind gentleman of her Majesty's Chapel Royal must, I am sure, have afforded great amusement to the numerous readers of your periodical. Your fondest hopes, Mr. Editor, could hardly have imagined that your pages would have penetrated stone-walls; nay, even through the very depths and windings of the Westminster cloisters, to the stronghold of Littleton Tower itself. But true it is! and so powerful has been the shock, that its many portals have given way; and to the astonishment of its assailers, brought into the open field its mighty and thrice-renowned champion, buckled in all his defensive armour, like another "More of More Hall," to attack the "Dragon of Wantly." But unlike the hero of that ancient ballad, the knight of the tower stands no chance of coming off victorious; for being naturally of a very weak constitution, the present shock has so greatly enfeebled him, that he is not ashamed to lean for support on a poor defenceless old woman.

Mr. Clark may call this scurrility, if he will; but I certainly think his own letters exhibit a pretty good share of that commodity; to say nothing of assurance, and statements unsupported by an atom of proof.

I shall, Mr. Editor, with your permission, say a word or two on the aforesaid statements.

In the first place Mr. Clark's side of the question is so very weak, that he is glad to avail himself of a printer's error; for instance, the date of the National Anthem, as assigned by the erudite Mr. Clark, is 1607! which your printer, in my letter, mistook for 1627. This is easily proved by a reference to my first letter, where it is printed correctly.

Now, mark the following extract from Mr. Clark's first effusion on the subject, "Those who have windows of glass should never throw stones." Modest Mr. Rimbault (Mr. Clark not having his spectacles on at the time, spelt my name Rumbolt,) is only twenty years out in his first attempt; my account is 1607, not 1627. Bull died about 1622."

It must be quite evident from the above, that Mr. Clark had not read the commencement of the present controversy; therefore, his very pretty allusion to "those who have windows of glass," certainly recoils upon himself.

After passing over a great deal of nonsense, in which the often-repeated tale is again told, viz., that Drs. Arne, Burney, and Cooke, had heard the National Anthem sung, when boys, we arrive at the following passage:—"I could produce many more accounts (Query—has he produced any?) against the statements brought in favour of Carey; but it would be loss of time, as the Anthem was known long before."

A very easy way, certainly, of getting over difficulties—loss of time, forsooth! I wonder Mr. Clark could spare so much of his valuable time to condescend to write at all on the subject. One of the grand stumbling-blocks would be removed, if he could prove that the present Anthem was known before Carey's time. But he cannot do this; for it must be held in mind, that Henry Carey was born in the year 1663, and lived in the reign of King Charles the Second, of King James the Second, of King William, and Mary, Queen Anne, King George the First, and of King George the Second; consequently he might have composed it for any of these monarchs.

In his second letter Mr. Clark has the following passage:—"If, then, the assertions of Dr. Benjamin Cooke, Dr. Arne, Dr. Burney, E. Taylor, and a host of others of equally unimpeachable and undeniable character, be true, viz., that they have heard the National Anthem, when boys, sung "God save great James our King," (and their declarations are on record in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795), they must mean James the First."

I think Mr. Clark would be pleased if he could blot out of the pages of history the name of James the Second altogether, and make us believe that we never had any such



King. The monstrous absurdity of "they must mean James the First," stands unparalleled?

The whole of this gentleman's letters, with the effusion of a certain old lady, are only equalled in execrable trash, by the trumpery put forth by the penny-a-liners of Seven Dials. "Anthem, as sung by all our family"—"My Grandfather, whose name was Clarke"—"My grandfather sung the Latin"—"My grandfather learned the words and melody from his father."

O most surprising grandfather! Venerable man! Your granddaughter cannot do better than celebrate your praises by singing the well-known ditty, beginning "My grandfather was a most wonderful man."

With respect to the long affair, "On the Coronation of Charles the Second," I cannot see why Mr. Clark should have taken up so much of your valuable space by introducing it, except it is to prove that he did not understand it. It is quite evident that the concluding lines:—

"Let quires of men and angels echoinge singe  
This musicall anthem (*this*), God save thee Kinge,"

allude to the song itself, and not to any anthem following it. Poor Mr. Clark, with his extremely fertile imagination, no doubt *fancied*, after he had read the poem, that he heard distant music strike up *the very air* that we are now in the habit of hearing the praises of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria sung to.

It is now quite evident, Mr. Editor, that we must have had anthems of a similar nature to our present, for every king or queen since the days of William the Conqueror. In addition to the many instances already quoted by various writers, I shall bring forward one or two that have been overlooked. In a very rare quarto tract, entitled—"A Treatise showing and declaring the pryde and abuse of women now-a-dayes. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Raynalde," no date; but from internal evidence written between Jan. 1547, and July 1550, may be found the following verse:—

"God save Kyng Edward and his noble counsaill al,  
And sende us peace and reste,  
And of thy pryde and devylyshe folye  
Full soone to have redresse."

There is also extant a rare little octavo volume, entitled—"Piers Plowman," without date or printer's name; for being a satire on the Roman Catholics, no printer would hazard the putting of his name to it. The date, however, can be easily guessed, for Sir Thomas More is spoken of as being dead, and Henry the Eighth as still living. In this volume may be found the following lines:—

"God save the Kynge and speede the plough,  
And sende the prelates care enoughe  
Enoughe, enoughe, enoughe."

And without doubt, any person at all in the habit of examining old books could produce many other instances of the same kind. In one case I have seen, but have not in my possession, verses of this description, accompanied with the music.\* It was entitled—"A Balme of Prayer and Praise for the prosperous and good estate of our Sovereigne Lord the King, his royall progeny, and the whole estate of his Majestie's dominions and people. Imprinted at London by Edward Allde," no date; but it must have been printed in the reign of James the First, for Allde printed only in two reigns, Elizabeth and James.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles's opinions concerning our *present* National Anthem, are, I think, worth notice: "Admitting," says he, "the song to have been originally 'God save Great James our King, a question arises—When was it written? Who composed it? Who wrote the words? How came the name George to be substituted for James, and on what occasion?"

First, When was it written? Some say on the eve of the contest with the Pretender, 1715. Carey was upwards of fifty, in 1715, and in this year, or the year before, Carey, a Jacobite, in common with all who fixed their hopes on James, wrote it, and according to his constant practice, set his own music to his own words. But the hopes of the Jacobites were defeated, and the song laid by and forgotten till 1739-40.

It has been proved that the author sung it publicly, and with the greatest success, at a dinner given to celebrate the victory of Admiral Vernon, 1740, when Glover's fine ballad was written—

"As near Carthagena lying, &c."

On this occasion, Carey himself applied the words to George, in consequence of the recent splendid victory.

\* In the library of the late Richard Heber, Esq.

"Send him victorious  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us."

The original words were applied to James, "Soon to reign over us." Carey himself applied the words (altering "soon" to "long,") to George. Thus applied, it then became popular beyond conception." This is the account given us by a worthy and learned member of the church, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, (see his "Life of Thomas Ken, D.D." printed in 1830, vol. ii.)

Since writing my first letter on the subject of "God save the King," I have been fortunate enough to meet with a copy of the collection of songs spoken of by George Saville Carey, containing the anthem composed by his father. The work is entitled "A Collection of Songs for two and three voices, set to music by Mr. Handel, Dr. Blow, Mr. Leveridge, Dr. Greene, Mr. Eccles, Mr. Lampe, Dan. Purcell, Mr. Corfe, Hen. Carey, &c. London, printed for John Johnson, opposite Bow Church, Cheapside." The anthem in question is to be found at page 29, headed, "For two voices." Carey's name appears to three songs only in the book, viz. "A drinking song, for two voices, by Mr. Carey;" "A two part song in Britannia, set by Mr. Carey;" and "A two part song, on the late glorious Victory at Dettingen. The words and music, by Mr. H. Carey," commencing

"Britain's monarch is now most victorious,  
Courage is with conquest crowned;  
Sing the praise of a hero so glorious,  
And his noble deeds resound."

The second and third lines are repeated twice, and singular enough the line commencing "Sing the praise of a hero so glorious," is almost identically the same notes with the second part of the air of "God save the King," and the whole song, both words and music, bears so strong a resemblance, that it is another proof in favour of poor Harry Carey's claim.

Fearful of trespassing too much on your valuable space, Mr. Editor, I shall conclude the present letter by asking Mr. Richard Clark one simple question, viz. Whose portrait is that given by him at page 2 of his volume, underneath of which is placed, not the name, but the words, "God save the King," and the gratifying information that it is "taken from an original painting lately discovered (perhaps before it was lost) and now in the possession of Richard Clark?" The person whose portrait this is (and I presume it to be Henry Carey) has a sheet of music in his hand, with the notes of our present anthem engraved thereon.

Now, if this prove to be a genuine portrait, and of Henry Carey, this fact alone would be a very strong proof of authorship in his favour, for an adjunct of this kind in a picture (says Mr. Oliphant, in his account of *Non nobis Domine*\*) "almost invariably has reference to some work or action of the person portrayed."

I hope Mr. Clark will set this point at rest.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

9, Denmark-street, Soho-square.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

*The Universal Singing Preceptor, containing a Variety of Exercises and Scales; Observations on the Formation of the Voice; the Production of a Good Tone; and a Method for Distinct Articulation. Compiled, selected, and arranged for all Voices, by P. C. Henry.*—(Purday.)

This is a highly useful little work, and may be consulted with much advantage by the young vocalist; it is comprised in thirty pages, published at a small price, and contains as much information as many works of a more voluminous character. It commences with the A B C of music, so that any person ignorant of the rudiments may take it up, and after going through the scales, &c. find himself at the last page warbling a florid cadenza, and this without being told to purchase works on the subject of a more expensive description—a custom, with some music publishers, both disgusting and disgraceful. The work concludes

\* "La Musa Madrigalesca," p. 22.



by merely advising "the musical student never to pass over any term or character in any musical composition, without satisfying himself as to the meaning of it," and that a musical dictionary may be purchased, possessing the required information, for a shilling, just half the price of the work under notice. This is as it should be. We subjoin an extract :—

"But there is a scale for voices which nature has pointed out, beyond which it is injurious to force the natural organ :—'And,' says Mr. Graham, 'the general neglect in our day of the *true* compass of voices of different registers, and of the management of them among teachers and singers, is too common. For instance, it is now the fashion to teach girls to scream far beyond the higher compass of their true and natural voices. This is an error to be ascribed much more to parents than to teachers. Injudicious parents will *insist* that their daughters should be *taught* to sing music fitted for the *extraordinary* compass of voice possessed by eminent public singers. This is not only absurd, inasmuch as nature bestows few such voices as these, but highly injurious to the health of those victims of hopeless ambition. We know some clever and conscientious teachers who will not undertake to perform impossibilities of this kind. But what is their reward? Their ignorant employers see no difficulties; and if the teacher honestly persist in his own safe and right course, he is dismissed as a person who 'does not know the *amazing powers* of my daughter;' and the poor girl is thrown into the hands of some quack teacher of singing, who feels no scruples about the matter, and will not hesitate to *teach* his pupil into a *consumption*, if he only receive his money.'—One great mistake which most amateurs fall into, is the presumption that they can sing the bravuras which they hear performed by the first-rate artists; and, in making the attempt, the failure is so evident, that they get laughed at for their pains; not considering that nature has not endowed them with the power requisite for such performances. But so little do most persons estimate their actual vocal powers, that what they could perform effectively is overlooked, for the vain desire of performing that which nature never gave them the power to execute.

"In every voice there are inequalities, and the industrious student cannot be too careful in the formation of the various parts of the voice. The lower part is generally rough, and the two or three deepest notes feeble besides; any violent or sudden exertion in this part is extremely dangerous; a single note, forced beyond its power, being sufficient to injure the voice for ever: consequently, patient cultivation is highly necessary.

"The notes in the middle voice (nearest the pitch used in speaking) are generally the best, and ought to have more time devoted to them at first than others, being the easiest introduction to the management of the breath, and where exertion may be given without chance of injury.

"From the middle to the upper part, the voice gets gradually thinner, and the highest notes cannot be sustained by one totally unpractised, but merely sounded for an instant: any effort here at an early stage of practice, would materially weaken the voice, and if persisted in, the highest note at least would be irrecoverably lost, and the vocal organs so relaxed, that the voice would be ever after subject to fatigue on the slightest exertion. The safest plan is to strengthen the voice by repeated practice from the middle upwards, proceeding no farther than where the tones can be easily produced, and by degrees the others may be added with equal ease. It is advisable to take the highest notes rather under their power as regards strength at first, and rather short, discontinuing the practice on the slightest appearance of fatigue, or flattening of the pitch. Hundreds of fine voices are destroyed by impatient students beginning to practise as though their voices were made of iron: they soon discover, though perhaps too late, that their case is as hopeless as that of an invalid, who wishing to recover all at once, swallows the medicinal contents of a vial intended for a week's consumption.

"Much injury is done by the early practice of bravura songs, as difficulties are there encountered which the unpractised cannot execute, besides enforcing exertion in parts of the voice unprepared to meet it.

"The finer the construction of the vocal organs, the more flexible and yielding they chance to be, the easier is their destruction by injudicious treatment. I have known a hard unmelodious voice endure treatment with little disadvantage, that, if divided among a hundred fine voices, would have ruined them all."

"The falsetto of male voices is found extremely useful when it unites with the natural voice with little change of tone; but with many it is so feeble and shrill as to render unity impossible. The voice may be improved, in all cases by the same method as that used for the natural voice, but unless it bear some assimilation, its practice would be loss of time, and would weaken the natural voice, particularly in the lower notes. With proper attention to these remarks, the student may improve the voice rapidly, and, if

the method laid down be considered uninteresting, let it be remembered that *improvement*, not *amusement*, must be the first aim; for, as a traveller who toils up a high mountain beholds a beautiful prospect gradually opening around him, so the attainment of the first principles of an art leads to the delightful eminence that can alone blend *instruction* and *amusement*.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

**PECKHAM LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.**—A spirited Concert (the first of a projected series) was given by the music class of the above institution, on Thursday, the 13th instant, at the Grove House, Camberwell. To an efficient band, under the direction of Mr. Willy, was added the vocal assistance of Misses Clara Novello, P. Horton, Dolby, Messrs. Parry, jun., Lefler and Horncastle. Messrs. Lazarus and Willy played solos on the clarinet and the violin. The excellence of the concert, which was under the patronage of several members of parliament, and other persons of influence, drew together a large and most respectable audience, whose plaudits were showered on the meritorious exertions of the various performers, particularly those of Miss Novello, who has now learned to sing with great spirit and expression, and the laughable imitations of Parry, jun.

**QUARTETT CONCERTS.**—Messrs. Blagrove, Guttie, Dando, and Lucas, gave the first of their delightful concerts on Thursday evening last, at the Hanover-square rooms, when the following classical selection was performed:—

### PART I.

Quartett in G Major, from Op. 19, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Guttie, Dando, and Lucas.....	Beethoven.
Song: The Sea hath pearly treasures—Miss Masson; Horn Obligato—Mr. Jarrett..	Lachner.
Aria: Schlimm're rühig (Cantemire), Madame Stockhausen.....	Fesca.
Septett in D Minor, Op. 74, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra-Bass, Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Card, G. Cooke, Jarrett, Dando, Lindley, and Howell.....	Hummel.

### PART II.

Quartett in A Major, from Op. 10, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Guttie, Dando, and Lucas.....	Mozart.
German Melody: Let me weep again—Madame Stockhausen.....	Schubert.
Duetto: Saper vorrei—Madame Stockhausen and Miss Masson.....	Haydn.
Quintett in C Major, Op. 25, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos, Messrs. Blagrove, Guttie, Dando, Lindley, and Lucas.....	Onslow.

When all is excellent, it is scarce necessary for us to particularise any individual performance; we must, however, mention the successful performance of a new horn player, Mr. Janett, who gave a very favourable specimen of his abilities in the obligate accompaniment to Miss Masson's song, and the singing of a very pretty German melody of Schubert, by Madame Stockhausen, which met with an encore. The following are the words; they are imitated from Goethe's *Faust*, by Mr. Oliphant, and well worthy of extract:—

Let me weep again, my heart is sore,  
Since Damon hath left me for evermore  
I sit alone,  
I sigh and moan;  
But all in vain  
Is my grief and pain;  
This weary head finds no repose,  
This beating heart no comfort knows!  
Let me weep again, &c.

I gaze through the window the livelong day,  
In hopes that my love may hitheward stray;  
And fancy recalleth each hour that is past,  
When I fondly believed the sunshine would last,  
I dream of that voice which my heart did beguile,  
That manly form—that sigh—that smile!  
Let me weep again, &c.

Go Damon, go! thou has let me to mourn;  
 Yet I'll not ask thee again to return:  
 Some fairer face hath caught thine eye,  
 Some nobler maiden, of parentage high,  
 Yet may'st thou be happy, while I deplore  
 Thy cold unkindness for evermore!

Let me weep again, &c.

The concert was most numerous attended,; and every person present, from Lord Burghersh to ourselves, appeared gratified with the evening's entertainment.

A SELECTION OF SACRED MUSIC was performed on Monday evening last, at the Independant Chapel, Kentish Town, towards defraying the expense of erecting an organ in the chapel. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Cubitt, the Misses Pyne, and Messrs. Green and Pyne. The selection consisted of the first part of the Creation, ending with "the Heavens are telling," and a miscellaneous selection from Handel, Hummel, and other composers. We were much pleased with the singing of Miss Cubitt, and also the younger Miss Pyne, who appears to be not more than twelve years of age; she acquitted herself admirably, and was requested to repeat the "Infant's Prayer," by Novello, which she sang with great feeling; and it was very judiciously accompanied on the organ by Mr. G. Cooper. There was a very effective chorus well supported by the organ, such a one as it was; and we must say, we never heard chorusses go with greater precision. We were much struck with the organ's accompaniment of Hummel's "Quod Quod in Orbe," in which the obligato pedal *told* amazingly. The performance was under the direction of Mr. T. F. Travers, to whom great praise is due for the manner in which he conducted the performance. We hope the committee will provide a better organ by their next performance, for Mr. Cooper, jun. must have been puzzled, at times, to produce the effects he did, on so inferior an instrument.

THE MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION gave its third and last concert of the series last evening, when a miscellaneous selection was performed under the conductorship of Sterndale Bennett. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Allen, and Mr. John Parry, who sang several vocal pieces with their usual ability, and the instrumentalists, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Hutton, who performed solos on their respective instruments.

CITY QUARTETT CONCERT.—The second meeting took place on Monday evening, when a choice selection of music was performed by Messrs. Willy, Hausmann, C. Severn, &c.

CITY CLASSICAL HARMONISTS.—The second meeting of this society was held at Gerard's Hall Tavern, Basing Lane, on Friday last, when Schiller's "Song of the Bell," Hummel's *Mass* in B flat, and several other compositions were performed.

THE PURCELL CLUB held its fourth anniversary at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie-street, on Thursday evening last. Mr. Edward Taylor, the Gresham professor of music, presided on the occasion. After the removal of the cloth, the following selection, from the compositions of Purcell, was performed:—

Canon—*Laudate Dominum*. St. George, the Patron of our Isle, from *King Arthur*, written in honour of William and Mary. Anthem—*O Sing unto the Lord*. Solo and Chorus—Celebrate this Festival. Duet—*When Myra Sings*. Selection from the *Tempest*:—Duet—Where does the Black Fiend. Chorus—In hell they shall reign. Chorus—Around we pace. Song—*Arise, ye subterranean winds*. Song—Come unto these yellow sands. Hark, the watch-dogs bark. Song—Full fathom five. Chorus Sea-nymphs hourly. Song—Dear pretty youth. Song and Chorus—My dear Amphitrite, The Nereids and Tritons. Song—Come down ye blusierers. Catch—One, two, three. Chorus—In these delightful

Fewer professional members were present on this, than on any previous anniversary; and the absence of Hobbs, who had not returned from his engagement at Belfast, was unfortunate: yet notwithstanding these circumstances, the several performances were very effectively given, and which Mr. Turle (very appropriative as the successor at Westminster Abbey of the highly-gifted Henry Purcell) conducted with much ability.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to]

**CHELLENHAM.**—*The Christ Church Organ* "does not appear to please everybody." So says the "Cheltenham Looker-On;" and our notice of this instrument in a former number places us in a similar predicament; for, unfortunately forgetting the moral of the fable, we made the attempt "to please everybody," by giving three distinct accounts we had received from "the place of action," which seems now likely to become "the seat of war;" for we have offended all parties by our impartiality. Two of those accounts, the "Chronicle" and "Looker-On," as they had the same object in view, should have compared notes before publication, by which the absurdities of their respective descriptions of the instrument would have been avoided. Our readers will remember, the former declared the sound to be uninterruptedly centred in a given *Phoic*,\*—the latter heard nothing but the storm without. The "Looker-On" has taken our well-intended remarks in good part; this is at it should be. With regard to the editorship of the "Chronicle" a correspondent informs us we committed an error in attributing the *present* conduct of that publication to the Tax-gatherer; and that *he* absconded some time ago (leaving her Majesty's Exchequer very much in arrears) to "the Land of Refuge for the despicable," under a cognomen so inharmonious that our pen would grate in transcribing it. However, it is very evident that whoever is the *great gun* (or canon) of the "Chronicle," he is no better qualified to meddle with matters appertaining to music, than his predecessor "the soft, deep-rolling Thunder Man;" for his full *base* has found vent in a storm of invective, with such "accompaniments" as the epithets "scoundrel," "miscreant," &c., aimed "full level at our head;" he even declares that we shall "hear from him again," should we presume to say any more in favour of Gray's organ; and by way of climax, sets up this hypothesis, "Organ-builders are divided into two classes—artists and manufacturers. Mr. Hill has long been placed in the foremost class by every first-rate professor. Messrs. Gray and Co., we presume, are in the latter, as we perceive by their announcements, they "keep a factory." This is delightfully entertaining. We commend this *conundrum*, especially to the consideration of such of our readers as are organists, and shall feel particularly obliged by any one of them informing us where we can find an organ by an "artist" builder who is not a "manufacturer." Every word we have written on this subject is done with the utmost good-nature towards Mr. Hill, whose ill-advised letter to the *Cheltenham Chronicle* we have read, and of which we acquit him of having written a single syllable, as we also do the editor of the *Chronicle* in the remarks annexed to it. The style of the *article* has been too long known to us to doubt its being of *town manufacture*. In conclusion *we* are of opinion that it is only one of the many "scoundrelly and miscreant-like acts" of the writer, and whose communication we are quite certain would never have appeared in the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, did its editor know the rascal as well as we do.—ED. M. W.

**BREWED.**—A concert of very superior character was given on Tuesday the 4th inst. under very distinguished patronage, at the National School Rooms, Brewed, for the benefit of the blind organist of the place, Mr. James Mulloy. Mr. Henry Hayward and Mr. George Hay most liberally offered their valuable assistance gratuitously on the occasion; nor must we omit to mention an amateur vocalist, pretty well known to our musical friends (Mr. W. Hay), who also gave his services. The Misses Williams aided the work of charity by coming from Ludlow and charging only their expenses. These eminent performers, backed by an orchestra of great power and excellence, enabled the stewards to prepare a bill of fare of first-rate quality. Mr. Hayward played a fantasia of De Beriot's, and his own beautiful "Venetian Barcarole" in his very best style. A duet between him and Mr. George Hay (violin and pianoforte) had a thrilling effect on the audience, and displayed the varied powers of the performers in a striking manner. Mr. W. Hay's songs were admirably given, and the songs and duets of the Misses Williams were performed with true taste and feeling: the glee "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and the famous terzetto, from Barnett's opera of the *Mountain Sylph*, "This magic wove scarf," were sung most excellently, and were fully appreciated. Last, not least, we must specify two songs sung by Mr. Mulloy, who, not pretending to first-rate excellence as a vocalist, yet carried with him both the applause and sympathy of his hearers. His song, "Ye mariners of England," was vociferously encored. The overtures (four) were selected with taste and performed with consummate skill. The arrangements in the room were perfect. The results are entirely satisfactory to the *beneficiare*, Mr. Mulloy.

**MAIDSTONE.**—Our Amateur Harmonic Society closed a brilliant but not very successful

\* If this Phoic should be the Pulpit, is not the difference in the various statements in a great measure accounted for?—**PRINTER'S P'VIL.**

season on Wednesday evening the 12th inst., with an excellent concert. The amateurs of the band mustered in full force and played the overtures (*Zaird* and *Tancredi*) with more than usual firmness and precision. Lazarus, who was the "star" of the evening, delighted every one with the delicious clarionet performance, especially in an obligato accompaniment to "*Gratias Agimus*," sung by Miss Lucombe. The other principal performers were Madame F. Lablache (late Miss Wyndham) her husband, and Madame Novello and Fumer. The signor was encored in "*Largo al factotum*," and the signora in that pretty Scotch ballad, "*Logie o' Buchan*." The company was very numerous—between six and seven hundred. Unfortunately the subscription has always been too low, consequently the committee have got into debt, and have been obliged to omit one concert. W. S. Philpot, R. A. led in his usual able manner.

**BELFAST.**—*Oratorio in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel.*—The novelty of an oratorio in Belfast, together with some matters of a local nature, in which, as our readers are aware, the Right Rev. Dr. Mant, Protestant Archbishop of Down and Connor, acted a prominent part, attracted a very numerous, and certainly a most respectable audience, yesterday (Friday the 7th) in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel. The object, as we understand, in getting up this performance of sacred music, at the present period, was in consequence of a very splendid and expensive organ having been recently built expressly for this place of worship, and now opened, for the first time, for public performance. This magnificent instrument, the manufacture of Messrs. Gray and Son, the eminent organ-builders of London, is one of the most superb and powerful in the kingdom. It exceeds in size the new organ in Armagh Cathedral, and has cost nearly 1,000*l.* The architectural design is chaste, and in harmonious keeping with the plan of the recess in which it is set up, and with the interior of the chapel. The following technical description of the instrument will give an idea of its compass:—The *Great organ* contains one open diapason, in metal throughout; one do., in metal to G, continued in wood to GG; stop diapason, principal twelfth, fifteenth, *sesqui-ultra* cornet, mixture, trumpet. *Swell-organ*: double diapason bass, double diapason treble; open diapason, stop diapason, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, *sesqui-ultra* trumpet, hautboy. *Choir organ*; *dulciana*, stop diapason bass, stop diapason treble, principal, flute. *Cremona*; swell copula, great pedal copula, choir pedal copula, pedal pipes, swell copula, thunder storm. The musical committee were desirous of giving the members of other religious bodies an opportunity of being present at a pleasing and intellectual treat, without connecting therewith anything of a sectarian character; and, therefore, they selected their programme of performances from the oratorios usually given in the English Protestant Cathedrals. We were glad to perceive that this feeling of good taste, and true liberality, was fully appreciated; for we perceived in every part of the crowded house, numbers of Protestants and Presbyterians, of the highest respectability; and, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, many of them residing at a great distance from Belfast. The musical arrangements were made under the judicious superintendence of Mrs. F. B. Lennon. The choir was strong in number; and several of the singers are well known in the musical world. In the early part of the performance, Miss Laphen executed the solo, "Let the bright Seraphim," with sweetness and feeling. The air required a greater compass and volume of voice than nature, or perhaps, the lady's timidity, allowed her to put forth; but she acquitted herself effectively, and gathered confidence in herself, and admiration from her audience, as she proceeded. Her quality of voice is of a very pleasing character—combining fullness with sweetness, with a highly-cultivated execution. The duet, from the Last Judgment, "Forsake me not in this dread hour," (by Mrs. Lennon and Mr. Hobbs) was powerfully and beautifully sung. Mr. Hobbs is a first-rate tenor singer, with a full, rich voice, and enjoying all the advantages of deep study, long practice, and sound judgment. In this duet, and in his subsequent solos, particularly, "David's Lament for Absalom," he displayed powers of first-rate character. We heard a very general expression of approval, at the conclusion of the whole of Mr. Hobbs's solos, and in that expression we cordially agreed. Mrs. Lennon (Miss Cassidy) has cultivated, with a degree of care and application, which is most creditable to her industry, those musical talents which nature has bestowed on her with so liberal a hand. Her power of voice is not over voluminous, but it is sweet, and perfectly under her control; and she manages it with exquisite skill: thus proving how far science will compensate in quality, for any defect in quantity. She and Mr. Hobbs bore the burden of the day, and sustained its labour with ability and success. Messrs. Gray and Ling presided at the organ, with great ability and marked effect; and Miss Bell, Messrs. Cassidy, and Mrs. Lunt, Davies, Shean, Morrison, &c., also greatly contributed to the excellence of the oratorio. The principal part of the same music was repeated on the following Sunday, in St. Patrick's Chapel, when High Mass was celebrated. The Roman Catholic Primate, Dr. Crolly, assisted in the religious service. A collection was made, to aid in defraying the expenses of the new, powerful, and splendid organ.

**EXETER.**—*Devon and Exeter Quartett Concerts.*—The first concert took place on Thursday evening, and though not so numerously attended as we could have wished, was still sufficiently supported to encourage the conductor, Mr. H. J. Haycraft, and the promoters of the undertaking in their future efforts. Looking at this concert, and referring to the name of other distinguished performers in this city, who have not come forward on this occasion, but who, we trust, will be induced to do so hereafter, we are more than ever convinced, that no city can boast of possessing more native talent; and we do think, that a spirit of local attachment and pride ought to induce the public of this county to encourage its development, not only here, but in other towns throughout the county. We cordially agree with the remarks of a contemporary on this subject. Had a Signor Squallini, a Signora Squiki, or a Herr Uglymug come among us, the attraction of their names alone would not have failed to bring together the votaries of that fickle phantom—fashion, in an overwhelming crowd, while the modest, but sterling merits of our own performers, are overlooked, or despised. Why is England not a musical country? Because our native taste is vitiated by foreign trash, and native genius either absolutely neglected, or else so ill-paid, that it pines away in disappointment. If the mania for Italian music of all kinds is not stopped somewhere or other, we shall at last forget even our own sweet English ballads, which appeal not to an acquired and highly artificial taste, but to the heart. We may be wrong; we doubtless are extremely unfashionable, but we cannot help saying, that for ourselves, we prefer the simple pathos of "John Anderson, my Joe, John," or of "Alice Grey," horribly vulgar, and indeed low as these ballads are, to all the wire-drawn warblings of Italian song.

And now let us turn to Thursday night's concert, which it gives us great pleasure in saying was, on the whole, successful. The conductor, Mr. H. J. Haycraft, ably and judiciously performed his duties, but we recommend him on the next occasion, not to allow the attempt at solos to be repeated. The effect of all the glees was excellent, and to them generally should the principal efforts of the performers be directed. One glee, that of Jackson's "Love in thine eyes," struck us as being admirably executed, and Miss Le Bat, who sustained so striking a part in it, is a lady of much promise and talent. The instrumental department was almost without fault, and we can bestow warm commendation in particular, on the leader, Mr. Rice. The audience seemed highly delighted with the performances, and we cordially hope to see the next concert, to take place on the 5th of March, fully and fashionably attended.

The *Devon and Exeter Glee Club* met on Friday last, at the New London Inn. The dinner was in Cockram's well known excellent style. A Stowey, Esq., the High Sheriff, was in the chair, and among the members and visitors present, were Sir John Duckworth, Bart., G. S. Curtis, Esq., Rev. S. Northcote, Ley, Watts, Browne, C. Brutton, Esqrs. Dr. Gibbs, &c. &c. The following pieces were admirably sung:—"Health to the Queen," Spofforth; "Come o'er the brook Bessie," Calcott and Bishop; "It is night," Webbe; "If sadly thinking," Harrison; "My dear Mistress," Spofforth; "Bring me flowers," Beal; "Vulcan contrive me such a cup," Evans; "Now is the Month of Maying," Mosley; "Say mighty Love," Evans; "There is a Lady," Ford; "The Spring," Spofforth; "Discord dire sister," Webbe; "Fal la la."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY intend to repeat their Anthem Concert, on Friday, the 28th instant. The reason assigned is, the great demand for tickets of admission.

THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA is now announced for Saturday, the 29th instant.

BARNETT's beautiful opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday evening. Phillips enacted *Hela*, his original character, and Mrs. Alban Croft, *Eolia*.

BENEDICT's opera, about to be produced at the Renaissance Theatre, is being written expressly for that theatre, and is not a translation of the *Gipsy's Warning*, as has been erroneously stated in several of the newspapers.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.—It is now settled that Sir George Smart will conduct the first concert, and Mr. Bishop the second and third. Dr. Crotch was applied to, but refused on the plea of ill-health.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. Z. is referred to No. 201, in which we acknowledged the receipt of his communication under the initials of his name; he has our thanks.

AN HUMBLE AMATEUR in our next.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## PIANOFORTE.

- Musard.—Trois Serenades Nationales: Espagnol, Russe, et Napolitain *Boosey.*  
 Wordmann, R.—Les Noces Royales Quadrilles *Ditto.*  
 —Ditto, as duets *Ditto.*  
 Voigt, A.—Prince Albert's Quick March *Z. T. Purday.*  
 Kraef, H.—The Swiss Herdsman: rondo *Ditto.*  
 Plachy, W.—Variations on Trio from Scaramuccia, op. 77 *Ditto.*  
 Severn, C.—Mozart's Grand Chorus from 'Davide Penitente' (or organ), as duet *Ever & Co.*  
 Labitzky.—Waltzes—No. 1, 'Paulinen'—as duets *Wessel & Co.*  
 Kuhlau.—Homage à Beethoven; as duets on German Airs *Ditto.*  
 Thalberg.—La Ricordanza, in F minor, as duet *Ditto.*  
 —'I've sigh'd to the roses,' &c. *Ditto.*  
 Lieder ohne Worte *Ditto.*  
 Chopin.—Fifth and Sixth set of Studies, being Twenty-four Grand Preludes through all Keys *Ditto.*  
 Valentine.—The gallant Gondolier *T. Prowse.*  
 Loder, E. J.—La Violette *Ditto.*  
 Kalkbrenner.—Exercises *Cramer & Co.*  
 Chalon.—Rondino en 'Di Pescatore' *Ditto.*

## FLUTE AND PIANO.

- Clinton.—Souvenirs à Blangini, op. 50 *T. Prowse.*  
 —Trois Recreations Musicales: No. 1, Le Nella Tomba; No. 2, E Serbata; No. 3, O Pescator non indugiare *Ditto.*  
 —Souvenir à Mozart, op. 47; No. 1, Crudel perche; No. 2, Sa l'aria, as Trios for two Flutes and Pianoforte *Ditto.*  
 —Beauties of Blangini, op. 44; No. 1, Da qual sembiante: No. 2, Cimpulpo, ditto *Ditto.*

## ORGAN.

- Lincoln.—Organist's Anthology; Selections from Classical Compositions, Book 7 *Wessel & Co.*

## HARP.

- Dibdin, Miss.—L'Italie et l'Allemagne, Petite Fantaisie on 'Lucrezia Borgia,' 'Zemire et Azor,' and 'La Sonnambula' *Boosey.*  
 —Variations on 'John Anderson' *Mills.*  
 —Three Airs from Donizetti *Ditto.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Nadaud.—Six Capriccios on Etudes pour le Violin *Boosey.*  
 Musard.—Three Serenades Nationales; Espagnol, Russe, et Napolitain, for Orchestra *Ditto.*

## VOCAL.

- Balfé, M. W.—They bind with costly pearls my brow *Cramer & Co.*  
 Phipps, O.—Maid of the East *Corenty & Co.*  
 Nielson.—Hour of Prayer *Ditto.*  
 —A father reading the Bible *Ditto.*  
 Bennett, W. S.—Better Land *Ditto.*  
 Nicks.—She never told her love *Ditto.*  
 Rimbault, E. F.—The Polar Star *Ditto.*  
 Zeiller.—Recollections, accompaniments for Pianoforte and Violin or Violoncello *Ever & Co.*  
 —The Nightingale, accompaniments for Pianoforte, Horn, or Violoncello *Ditto.*  
 Kalliwooda.—Three Songs, accompaniments for Pianoforte and Violin *Ditto.*  
 Blewitt, J.—The Queen and Prince Albert, God bless them *Z. T. Purday.*  
 Humboldt, Mary de.—The Flower-girl *Ditto.*  
 —To thee, my love, and only thee *Ditto.*  
 Rossini.—Non m'inganno; duetto *Mills.*  
 Mazel, Mdle. R.—L'Enfant au Berrau *Ditto.*  
 Masini, F.—L'Heure Sainte *Ditto.*  
 Clapissou.—Fillette au corset blanc *Ditto.*

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